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LONDON
FOR SALE BY
B. F. STEVENS
4 TRAFALGAR SQ.

Mrs. Steel

AUTHOR OF "ON THE FACE OF THE WATERS"

AMERICA is often accused of taking the lead in matters of literary taste from England. This is no place—in the pages of an American critical journal—to canvass the rights and wrongs of such an innuendo; but, if confirmation were needed, some argument might perhaps be found in the fact that many American editors are now soliciting personal data concerning an English author on the ground of the success of a book which was refused, before its English publication, by every considerable publishing-house in America. Mrs. Steel, indeed, has very little cause to be grateful to America, whose savants have in this case most emphatically followed the lead of English criticism, and repeated praise long after the event was sure. But she is a most kindly and genial lady, and cordial thanks are due to her for enabling *The Critic* to correct the many garbled and foolish accounts of her personality which have appeared in the American newspapers, by printing here a reasonably full and absolutely authentic account of her literary life and experiences.

The author of "On the Face of the Waters," then, was born at Harrow-on-the-Hill, on 2 April, 1847. She is Scots upon both sides of her pedigree, her father, Mr. George Webster, being a Lowlander of a long line of Munster Provosts Bailies; her mother, Isabella Macallum, Highland, claiming kin with various chieftains and raiders. The family of which she came was a large one, and very merry withal. One of their chief amusements was theatricals. Her mother used to write the plays, and Mrs. Steel herself was stage-manager, scene-painter and musical director. Besides these onerous duties, she was wont to act the hero of the drama, her seven brothers agreeing that she could make love more prettily than any of themselves. When only twenty she married a man whom she had known since they were small children together. He was an Indian civilian, and she thus went straight to India before a decade of years had dulled the memory or clouded the atmosphere of the Indian mutiny. Here was the inspiration of "On the Face of the Waters." Her education at home had ceased early: indeed, she was but fourteen when she left the school-room. But she was a great reader, diving deeply into an incongruous collection of volumes which she found in a neglected garret at the top of the house. As a girl she did very little writing, and when she did begin it was with the inevitable verse. Her first remembered production was a hymn, and for a long while it remained her only effort. As a young married woman, the intense interests of her own house, her own cook, her own baby, left her very little time for books. It was only, she says, when the cook stayed on till he knew nearly as much as she did (and Mrs. Steel is great at cookery), and when the nursery emptied itself westward after the fashion of Eastern nurseries, that she found leisure to write. And even then the time was scant, for she has never been a book-worm. Her first interests are all out-of-doors; she is a great rider, a player of games—even of racquets—and an enthusiastic gardener. Moreover, she has had other hobbies indoors, among which music and painting bear equal shares. Indeed, as a child she showed much promise with the brush, and Sir Noel Paton recommended that she should take up art seriously, as a profession. However, the idea fell through; and being set in a sort of jungle life, Mrs. Steel applied herself to the native language, and became active in many philanthropic fashions, teaching in the schools, finding time for dispensary work, classes and lace-making. Her restless energy attracted the natives, and she in turn was drawn to them. Their silent obedience pleased

her. As she is wont to say with a smile, "I like all people who do as they are told." In this way she began to increase the sphere of her helpfulness, though the frequent changes of station, necessitated by her husband's profession, were somewhat disconcerting to her work. Now and then she wrote a little—sometimes to amuse her four-year-old daughter. One such book is still extant, of course unpublished. It has a rhyming dedication in a gentle, musing mood:—

"Oft when the house lay silent in the heat
My thoughts would be so full of you, my sweet,
That, dreaming half, I seem to hear once more
Your little fingers fluttering at the door,
The pitter-patter of your childish feet
In dainty rhythm across the echoing floor."

Meanwhile, her interest in the natives grew, and, as she was a close observer, she began to lay up much knowledge of their ways and wants. Some of these things she put into a folk-lore book, which Major Temple annotated and published; some into primers for Government schools. Of these she wrote three, illustrating two of them herself. Later on she produced a volume on physiology, hygiene and domestic economy, which is still the local text-book. All these things show Mrs. Steel's sympathy and kindliness; but she declares, if you say so, that she was not so much moved by a sense of duty as impelled by a genuine love of work for its own sake. She never associated herself with any organized mission work, but simply tried to understand the natives in the light of their own beliefs. Finally, after she had given many years to the work, and had had some hot-headed encounters with those in authority, the Bengal Government invited her to undertake the inspection of all the female schools in the Province, and also to apportion the grants to be given to the Zenana Mission. This was a period of very hard work, which was, moreover, unremunerated, except in the matter of out-of-pocket expenses. She used to travel all night, and work, often enough, from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M., for she did not like to be long away from home, and so used to try to pack the work of four months into a bare six weeks. But her heart was in the work, and she had only one grievance. She was not allowed a clerk, and, though her reports, schedules and averages took days in the compiling after her return home, her allowance ceased with her travels. This led to many playful arguments between herself and the Government, conducted in good part on either side.

But at last a question of the first importance arose in connection with her work. To her mind the plan proposed involved the greatest public wrong—a disgrace to the English name,—and she felt it must be fought. Mrs. Steel is not fond of talking of this time: its memory is still a nightmare to her. Still, any account of her life which is sincere cannot pass the matter by without regard, and it may suffice to say that she gained her point at the cost of an experience such as few men and fewer women have had to endure. She learnt, she is wont to say, many things from this trouble—not least among them the fact that the wife of an official can scarcely undertake public responsibilities without the risk of endangering her husband's interests. However, the hour passed, and when Mr. Steel's period of service was over, his wife left India with the regard of her very opponents, and their gratitude to boot. She came home seven years ago, with a new life, as it were, before her. It was then that she settled to devote herself to literary work as an occupation. She sent six stories to six magazines—*Blackwood's*, *Macmillan's*, *Chambers's*, etc. All were returned, save that sent to *Macmillan's*, and this magazine subsequently accepted all

the rejected tales, among which was one that its author has been known to describe as "the best story I am ever likely to write." Since then she has burdened editors no more: the editors and the publishers have come to her.

Mrs. Steel's life, it will be seen, has been a very busy one. She says herself that she regards herself as a literary amateur, without technical equipment or standard of style, working to please herself. Some of her critics will deprecate such modesty. And she is wont to add, at the end of many a long talk, that when she looks forward to the inevitable end of her multifarious activity, she feels that the greatest regret that death can bring her will be the parting from a body which has answered to every call made upon it by a soul which has not half its fibre. It is regrettable that the striking features of that figure cannot be reproduced here, but Mrs. Steel's family, vexed by the various caricatures which have appeared in the illustrated papers, have exacted from her a promise that she will give currency to no more photographs which shall do injustice to her pleasant and lively appearance. And after all, the portrait is of no importance. It is in the work that we learn to know the worker best.

LONDON.

A. W.

Literature

"The Landlord at Lion's Head"

By W. D. Howells. Harper & Bros.

THERE ARE TWO ways of regarding Mr. Howells's latest novel. It may be taken simply as one of his most conscientious studies of American life and conditions, and may be enjoyed for its truth to reality, its gentle irony and abundant insight, and the thread of human story which holds the carefully wrought details together. Readers who take the book in this way will find it not one of Mr. Howells's sprightliest stories, but rather one of his most sympathetic. It has not the brilliancy of "April Hopes" or "Indian Summer," nor the piquancy of "The Coast of Bohemia"; but then, neither does it carry the burden of any of the author's sociological theories, and it seems to have been conceived in a mood when the writer was tenderly tolerant of the failings of its characters, and loved them both for what they had and what they lacked. The parental coldness which Mr. Howells occasionally manifests towards the creatures of his brain is happily lacking, and we are permitted to like them as much as we please. Taken in this way, the novel is delightful reading; but probably that reader who regards the book as a piece of special pleading, a putting of Providence on trial for creating a world in which the Jeff Durgins are successful and happy men, will extract from it a keener pleasure.

This is not the first time that Mr. Howells has arraigned the universe as we have it from the hands of the Creator, but never, perhaps, has he done it in such a subtle and convincing way. As usual, the still small voice is more effective than the storm-wind, and people whom "A Hazard of New Fortunes" left unmoved will stop to wonder just what the triumph of the Durgins really means in the moral order. Jeff Durgin is a very perfect specimen of the natural man. He is strong, mentally and physically; he has a streak of primitive cruelty, and one of equally primitive good-nature; he has the habit of getting even with his enemies, and his ideals never keep him awake at night. When his friends call him a blackguard, he is capable of arguing the point dispassionately, and lays down the principle that we should look at our faults as calmly as if they were another's. The fact that he is incapable of spiritual agonies does not dull his mental perceptions. In a conversation with Westover, the artist, who represents a more highly evolved spiritual type, he lays down the law of the moral world as he apprehends it. Westover says:—

"'You're an unlucky man if life hasn't taught you that you must pay in suffering of some kind sooner or later for every wrong thing you do.'—'Now that's one of your old fashioned supersti-

tions, Mr. Westover,' said Jeff, with a growing kindness in his tone, as if the pathetic delusion of such a man really touched him. 'You pay, or you don't pay, just as it happens. If you get hit soon after you've done wrong, you think it's retribution, and if it holds off till you've forgotten all about it, you think it's a strange Providence and you puzzle over it, but you don't reform. You keep right along in the old way. Prosperity and adversity, they've got nothing to do with conduct. If you're a strong man you get there, and if you're a weak man all the righteousness in the world won't help you.'"

Durgin, being a strong man, gets, in some fashion, absolutely everything he has wanted, even to marrying, after some other emotional experiences, the only woman who ever strongly impressed him. In the words of the lank Whitwell, of whom Jeff's success has "corrupted the imagination and confounded the conscience," "I guess he's made out first-rate." In other words, this world is the world of the natural man, up to the limit of his potentialities. It is only from standpoints which he does not aspire to reach that he can be called a failure.

The feminine contingent of Mr. Howells's readers, who have complained for many years that the novelist draws at most but two types of women, will find proof in the character of Bessie Lynde that his persistent portrayal of the shallow-and-affable or the grim-and-conscientious woman is by choice, and not by necessity. Miss Lynde has brains, in which she is almost alone among Mr. Howells's heroines. She is "neither good nor wise," perhaps, but she is clever, and the account of her flirtation with Jeff is brilliantly done, and is one of the most human and interesting episodes in a human and interesting book.

"The Massarenes"

By Ouida. R. F. Fenno & Co.

BUT FOR ITS conventional treatment, "The Massarenes," with its modern note, would be as marked a deviation from the ancient manner of Ouida as "Without Dogma" was from the historic panorama of Sienkiewicz. Mlle. de la Ramée burdens nearly as many pages as the Polish novelist. She has, too, much to say of *horizontales*, enfeebled wills and narcotized consciences, but these are scarcely human, her characterization is so unreal. The world she pictures is of tinsel, not gold. Indeed, it would require only the *frou-frou* of silk and pose of guardsmen, an added magniloquence of diction and sonority of sentence structure, to transform this up-to-date world into the old, eccentric, romantic world which was "the holy writ of beauty" to many a boy and girl of a decade or two ago. William Massarene, the North Dakota millionaire, who attached himself to an English aristocracy that is represented as wearing its George and Garter over a ragged shirt and knocking its diamond tiara against the roof of a hackney cab, found none too proud to use his "cash," although many declined to take him up, by reason of his unspeakable vulgarity. His eyes gradually opened under the tutelage and shady, brilliant lead of Lady Kenilworth, who openly ridiculed his splay feet and squat figure, and with the help of her lord, who went by the name of "Cocky," managed to spend a good deal of his money.

The time came, however, after "Cocky's" demise, when "Billy's" sluggish passions were aroused and he took a grim pleasure in her humiliation. By his sudden death at the hands of a former victim, full 300 pages are afforded Lady Kenilworth (who should have given the novel its title) in which to carry out her further designs. Her mission in the world was to inspire despairing passions, not to feel them. On one occasion, while rowing with her child—an extraordinarily precocious child, by the way—near the woods of a *château*, she contrived to upset the boat, that the owner might be impressed with the spectacle of Venus Aphrodite bearing Eros to his shores. Proof against her beauty, he did consent, finally, to buy a secret from her, on which she had laid wily hands for the purposes of blackmail, thus paving her egregious way to the end.

"Flames"

By Robert Hichens. H. S. Stone & Co.

THE INCENDIARY TITLE of Mr. Hichens's new novel suggests the idea that it may be one of those books requiring the ice-chest to preserve it from spontaneous combustion, and the earlier pages of the volume heighten this impression, for in them the words "sin" and "purity" recur so often that they lose all their significance to the wearied eye, and look grotesque and meaningless. The reader asks himself if it is possible that such an up-to-date writer as Mr. Hichens does not know that this variety of novel has "gone out," and is tempted to throw the book away with the too obvious obituary exclamation, "'Flames' to the flames." These impressions, however, do an injustice to the story, and if the reader is able to survive the weirdness of the first 200 pages (we admit the task is not an easy one), he will find the author dropping his affectations and becoming really absorbed in a subject which, however artificially or inadequately treated, can never wholly lose its interest—the old theme, namely, of the struggle of good and evil for the soul of man. Mr. Hichens has treated this subject in a theatrical, not to say tawdry, manner, which only a vitiated taste could consider effective, but his motive is stronger than the limitations to which he has subjected it, and occasionally breaks away from them to advantage.

In the first chapter we make the acquaintance of Valentine Cresswell, a young man over whose soul "refinement had more power than religion." He has the good taste to lead such an upright life that it earns for him the title of "the Saint of Victoria Street," and incidentally gives him great control over the actions of his friend Julian Addison, a youth in whom righteousness is naturally less spontaneous. At the moment when we meet Cresswell he is feeling vaguely discontented with his own perfections, and is wondering how it would seem to be some other less exemplary person. Half in jest, he and Julian begin to hold sittings with the purpose of temporarily "exchanging souls." Valentine's discontent furnishes the Mephistopheles of the book whose other name is Marr, with an opportunity to expel Valentine's soul from his body and enter in, himself. This event takes place in a trance into which Valentine falls during one of the sittings with Julian. The new Valentine is as evil as the old Valentine was good, and the influence which he exercises upon Julian is now intentionally malign. The rest of the book depicts the struggle for supremacy over Julian, which takes place between the soul of Marr in Valentine's body and the expelled soul of Valentine, which wanders about London in the shape of an aspiring flame and can find no abler coadjutor in its work of salvation than a girl of the streets.

The book is very long and occasionally tedious. It obviously owes something to "The Statement of Stella Maberly" and "The Picture of Dorian Gray," but it has not the brilliancy of the latter nor the delicate art of the former, although it possesses at times an unexpected earnestness about things ethical which is not found in either of the other tales. It contains a few very powerful passages, of which Marr's exposition of the gospel of influence and the absolute power of will is the best, but these are not enough to redeem the affected morbidity and artificiality of the entire book. The evil genius of Mr. Hichens seems to have whispered in his ear that he has a talent for the weird, the fantastic, the unwholesome, and the young writer has obediently worked his possibilities in this direction for much more than they are worth. This is a great pity, for, in the first place, the appetite of the reading public for the morbid is not ravenous, and in this *genre* a short story is the most to which it is ever equal; and, in the second place, Mr. Hichens's talent for the morbid is of about the same modest length. Enough force has been put into the book to make a good novel, but it is misdirected force. A story of the actual, of the same length and with as many strong scenes as "Flames" contains, would have carried the writer farther up Parnassus.

"When the Century Was New"

By Dr. C. C. Abbott. J. B. Lippincott Co.

WHEN the century was new, the Horse-head Inn was a flourishing place of entertainment. Lately it was demolished, and, poking about the ruins, Dr. Abbott—unless his introduction is part of a cleverly contrived fiction—found certain antique documents which gave him a clue to the romantic motive of his story. It is a mystery story in which to the substantial and essential ingredients of a problematical murder case and half-confidences and uncertain identities, are added others which no one but an inveterate and successful curiosity-hunter and delver in family histories would have thought of; and these, with the author's quaint and agreeable style, give the book a character that is absolutely new. Further, Dr. Abbott does not, like some other clever writers, put forward all his good things in his proper person, but succeeds in endowing his characters with an uncommon deal of wit, wisdom and magnanimity. We wish we could often meet, even in fiction, with such a household as that of Hutton Hall, where everybody, from the mistress to Caesar, the half-Indian serving-man, has an original and peculiar philosophy of life and a droll way of expressing it. The world, according to Caesar, "isn't what we thought it was when we only stopped playin' to eat our meals." "Two heads be better than one, but mayn't three heads be one too many?" is another shrewd remark of his; and his golden rule is "no fretting for me."

Balzac once boasted that he could make of a rusty nail a peg to carry a romance. Dr. Abbott chooses as his story's visible means of support a silver spoon, which shares the fortunes of the wandering heir to Hutton Hall and is the means of restoring his son to his rightful position. But the reader's pleasure may lie in the gradual unfolding of the plot; and we have no desire to rob him of it. We assure him, however, whether he does or does not care to unravel complications, he will find much to please him in the bright and characteristic dialogue, the short but vivid pen-pictures of scenery and persons, and the genial philosophy of which the book is full.

"Miss Armstrong's and Other Circumstances"

By John Davidson. Stone & Kimball.

THERE ought to be two John Davidsons—one to march along wearing the laurels the name has already earned, and the other to hurry off into obscurity, bearing on his shoulders the dead weight of "Miss Armstrong's and Other Circumstances." The fact that a man has something to say and says it finely in verse does not entitle him to express himself execrably in prose. John Davidson is a poet. At its best, his poetry is something to accept as we accept the poetry of life, and to be thankful for. But his prose—at least the prose of "Miss Armstrong and Other Circumstances"—is quite another matter. To be brutally frank, these tales will not be worth to any human being the paper upon which they were written. They are rambling, shallow, inane. They have no merit of form nor grace of style. They are not literature; they are not life. They are as pallid and characterless as so many lengths of uncooked macaroni. They are bargain-counter goods.

These are harsh words. Could the critic at the moment call to mind other and harsher ones, they should be uttered promptly; for no damnation is too deep for the strong man who is guilty of a feeble performance. If Mr. Davidson had never done better things, it would make no difference that he had added one more to the wretched little collections of tales in the world. But in view of his proved capabilities, the volume under consideration is an insult both to his past performances and to his public. Family dissensions are a pity, but we advise admirers of Mr. Davidson's verse to cut the acquaintance of his prose—as we shall certainly do hereafter.

"The Five Great Skeptical Dramas of History"

By John Owen. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IS NOT this a fascinating title? Even a single "Great Skeptical Drama" has an air of infinite possibility about it. But five compared, coördinated—and "*The Five*." The imagination leaps. The preface seems to recognize the leap. It says "A life-labor expended on thinkers of a special type, combined with a survey of all literature from the standpoint of the same thought, might not unreasonably be expected to make discoveries and induce results of a peculiar kind."

This is another leap. Expectancy beats high. The Promethean myth is a good beginning. We fare boldly forth. "A social problem?" Of course. "An ethical problem?" Certainly, *certainly*. "An historical problem?" Undoubtedly. We close the book. Painfully we turn it upon its edges. Again we gaze at this long, beautiful, appealing vista of a title. We look at it seriously, candidly. It grows upon us again. It mesmerizes us. There must be some mistake. We have not read aright. We will try again. Once more we open the big volume. Again we say "of course," again we say "undoubtedly." For a hundred pages we say it. But one cannot say "certainly" very long. A course of "of course" will kill even the most skeptical of dramas. The book is closed again. We take one last wistful look at the title, and now here we are for better or worse—plunging into our review.

From the critic's point of view, the real reason for not reading a book is consideration for the author. Reviewing is something more than getting even with people; but the reviewer who does not contrive to strike a balance with a particular writer before he gets through with him is sure to lose his balance on the next one. Which would be unfair obviously enough, to say nothing of the fact that keeping his balance is exactly what a critic is for. To go right on in cold blood, reading an unreadable, unsuggestive, barren book from beginning to end, to go right on with a writer, page after page, chapter after chapter, letting him heap up abuse upon himself and conviction and satire and contempt and sorrow and sleep—what critic who has ever written a book himself, who still seeks to do in this world as he would fain be done by, would fail to take the opportunity to stop—to read as little of his victim as he could? There are certain things in this world that are sacred to the poet and the scientist—flowers, men, women and children, and myths. Scholars may write about books if they will, and the making of books, but the man who is neither a poet on the one hand, nor a scientist on the other, who both in method and temperament is a mere scholar, who lacks the pontifical authority of either science or poetry, has little reason for writing—except to a drawer in his own desk—on themes which belong to the gravest delights of life.

While in his treatment of the "*Prometheus Vincitus*" of Æschylus, the author by no means confines himself to Æschylus, he fails to avail himself of the peculiar, almost peremptory, opportunity his theme affords for the suggestive comparison of these great dramas. We are ready to begin with due faithfulness a long sentence:—"Possessing all these varied implications, we are prepared to understand the marvelous fascination which the Promethean myth has exercised over the noblest intellects that have adorned the history of humanity," but after the sentence has listened to itself awhile we expect it to carry us to some of the "discoveries and results of a peculiar kind" mentioned in the aforesaid preface. The author takes up Job, "*Faust*," "*Hamlet*" and "*El Magico*" in the same detailed and isolated fashion, and while through the whole book, the "tantalizing problem of the perennial conflict between doubt and faith, between human reason and external authority," haunts us, while with its shadowy face it lures us on through miles and miles of verbiage, we never overtake it. The treatment of Goethe's "*Faust*" brings us the nearest to it, perhaps, the *Faust* legend being studied not only in itself, but in its re-

lation to Goethe's mind and temperament. We are favored, too, with a brief comparison between the *Faust* speculative-ness and the rebellious assertiveness of Job, and another between our modern doubt and the skepticism of the Greek spirit:—"If Prometheus is like a choice bit of mountain scenery combining majesty with graceful beauty, if Job resembles a sylvan scene, an oak forest, for example, full of picturesque variety, yet not admitting of any extensive outlook, nor altogether free from gloom; '*Faust*' is like a broad, diversified, many-hued landscape, composed of wood, plain and water, lofty mountains, alternating with level campaign, deep rivers with rapid torrents, bare rocky steeps with wooded ravines." While one may quarrel with the substance of this comparison, the reader finds himself rising to it eagerly, glad to get any comparison at all.

The main misfortune of this tireless and somewhat lumbering book may be the anti-climax that lurks in its title, and it is quite possible that a reader who had taken it up with less expectancy would have been able to lay it down without a sense of grievance. We might follow contentedly, with a flicker of interest at times, the dissection of the skepticism of Shakespeare's minor characters in the drama of "*Hamlet*," even though it led nowhither, proud to be of the company of the "high man," who, "aiming at a million, misses a unit"—

"Lofty designs must close in like effects
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects
Living and dying."

"The Wisdom of Fools"

By Margaret Deland. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IN THE STRIKING stories which make up this collection, Mrs. Deland has taken four of humanity's problems and set them forth in concrete form with vigor and conviction. In the opening tale, which is the least vital of them all, the question presented is, Should a man and woman who are about to marry tell each other all their past? No more conclusive answer is furnished than the exclamation of the senior warden which closes the story:—"I'll be hanged if I know!"

"The House of Rimmon" opens up the large question of complicity in the wrong-doing of others. In this particular instance, for the widowed sister of a millionaire manufacturer, the whole industrial question resolves itself simply into, "If Robert is rich and doesn't give the workmen enough to live on, are the children and I stealing from the men in living on Robert's money?" She decides that they are, and rejects her brother's aid on that ground. The world is not ready to live up to such counsels of perfection, as Mrs. Deland freely admits, but this fact does not rid her of the conviction that Christianity demands just this.

"Counting the Cost" deals with the education of a girl beyond her normal level in life. Given such a girl whose cultivation comes through her father's love and self-sacrifice, what is her duty to the home in which she was reared? Is she to return to it and sink back to the old life, making the sacrifice of no avail? Is she to live out her own life fully and freely, ignoring her early surroundings? Is she to compromise by living to what small extent she may, the new life in the old home? Mrs. Deland evades the answer, only suggesting that some believe renunciation to constitute the highest fulfillment.

No one who read "*The Law and the Gospel*" when it first appeared as a magazine story, can possibly have forgotten that powerful piece of special pleading in behalf of commonsense and against sentimentalism in charity. Given two human beings each of whom needs physical restoration, the one to save her life, the other to restore her usefulness, and barely help enough for one. Shall the chance be given to the bad woman who is in danger of death, or to the good woman who is on the verge of breaking down? "A love so

sane as to permit the mercy of death" would hold its hand and rid society of the contagion of the evil-liver, while a selfish sentimentality would preserve the body of the moral leper in order—faint the chance!—to save the soul if possible.

Mrs. Deland undoubtedly has more sympathy with what may be called the sociological emotions than with those springing from the simpler relations of the human heart, or, at least, she handles the former more skillfully. She interests the reader much more completely in the people who make mistakes in their charitable work than in those who merely break their hearts. This is quite as it should be, for the talent of most writers lies in the opposite direction, and our literature at present is more in need of ethical insight and vigor than of emotional studies. It is well that there should be someone to write tales so heavily charged with thought and altruistic commonsense that they cannot interest without influencing the reader. Whoever reads this book is bound to think, whether he will or no, and must answer for himself after some fashion the questions which are raised. Whether he answers them as Mrs. Deland has done depends on the literalness of his acceptance of Christianity.

"Lads' Love"

By S. R. Crockett. D. Appleton & Co.

IN THIS VOLUME Mr. Crockett has attempted, so he states, "to epitomize the various humors, idylls, loves and tragedies of moorland life in Scotland well-nigh half a century ago." With such a diffuse purpose, it is not surprising that he has turned out a disjointed and digressive story, the first section of which is mawkishly sentimental, the second ineffectually sincere, and the third episodically melodramatic. So universal was the cult of the "canny hour at e'en" in the farm-town of Nether Neuk, that three lasses could prosecute the divine passion, unmolested by their father's shot-gun, at their own several corners of the orchard. There were "arms about waists and necks," kiss wagers and many interchanges of "sugared balderdash"; and Nance even consented to wear, beneath her dress, a ring strung on her lover's necktie. These are samples of the devices used by Mr. Crockett—as disillusionizing as the salaciousness with which the average comic opera is seasoned—to convince us that the hero, who "had romanced somewhat freely" with the other lasses, revered and loved Nance. To enhance the effect, a wild, bare-legged creature, called "the Hoolet," dances through the tale, peering at one usually from behind a whin-bush. To be sure, the author finally gets down to business and brings about her ruin, under pretense of marriage, by a drummer; but the impression is ineffaceable that Mr. Crockett is chiefly interested in her short ragged kirtle, and her skelping bare-legged about the fields. "Lads' Love," we are informed, was the old name for scented wormwood, "a sprig of which wooers used to wear when they went courting, and our grandmothers to carry with them in their Bibles to church." In this manner the scantily gowned lasses are kept within screaming distance of the sanctuary, and when one of them has done anything particularly bad she "explains the matter to God."

There are indications that the Scotch school is following, ever so piously, in the wake of Sterne and Le Gallienne, rather than of Fielding and Hardy.

The Works of Charles Dickens

The Gadshill Edition. Edited by Andrew Lang. Vols. I-III. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS NEW edition of the writings of Charles Dickens is published by the Messrs. Scribner in conjunction with Messrs. Chapman & Hall of London, who are the owners of the copyrights, and therefore able to make it truly complete. It will include "Sketches of Young Couples and Young Gentlemen," "Sunday under Three Heads" and "The Mudfog Papers," which are not included in any of the

former editions of Dickens, and all the original etchings and woodcuts by Seymour, Phiz and Cruikshank, without which Dickens seems to most of us incomplete. The illustrations made for his works by Pinwell, Frederick Walker, Landseer, Maclise, Leech, Marcus Stone, George Cottermore, F. Barnard and Luke Fildes will also be included. Moreover, the illustrations of some of his later books not having been drawn under Dickens's own superintendence, the publishers have discarded such as they regarded undesirable and caused others to be drawn in their stead. The edition will be published in thirty-two volumes, square crown octavo, gilt tops, bound in red cloth with gilt stamps. The first three volumes, just published, contain "Pickwick" (2 vols.) and "Oliver Twist" (1 vol.).

Mr. Lang's introductions to these two tales are short and unimportant. Unhappily he has cultivated his fatal gift of facility until he can write on almost any subject without saying anything at all. Yet Mr. Lang is a great admirer of Dickens, and one of his boldest defenders against the attacks of the "young scribes who gloomily peruse Tolstoi in French," and he might have opened the new edition a little more worthily—even though a "General Introduction" from his pen is promised for a future volume. The edition is excellent, and has evidently been designed for constant use and ready reference.

"The Pursuit of the House-Boat"

By John Kendrick Bangs. Harper & Bros.

READERS of "The House-Boat on the Styx" will recall the fact that Captain Kidd and some of the toughs of Hades captured that charming craft and made off with it one day when the men were ashore, and the women were all on board exploring the delights of the club-house of the shades. The present volume records the adventures of the abducted ladies and the heroic efforts of the Associated Shades to overtake and rescue them. The search-party is in charge of the astute Sherlock Holmes, who, it seems, is anxious to get back to earth again, whether his eminent inventor wants him here or not. Therefore Mr. Holmes discovers from a cigar-stub discarded by Captain Kidd that the house-boat has sailed direct for London, and pursuit is given in the "Gehenna," which is the ghost of the late "City of Chicago." In the meantime the members of "the sex which cheers but not inebriates," to quote the genial ruffian, Sir Henry Morgan, have managed to liberate themselves by marooning the pirates, and are trying to get back to the Styx under the guidance of Mrs. Noah, whose seamanship is a trifle out of date.

Like most sequels, "The Pursuit of the House-Boat" is less spontaneous and engaging than its predecessor, but even so it is cheerful reading for a warm afternoon. One of the best things in the book is Sherlock Holmes's account of "The Strange Case of the Brokedale Tiara." Peter Newell's illustrations are as unearthly and delightful as in the former volume.

"A Story-Teller's Pack"

THIS IS the modest title Mr. Stockton has chosen for his new collection of short stories. The book contains a scant dozen of amusing tales which are already familiar to the magazine readers. The author's peculiar humor is present in them all in greater or less degree. In "The Widow's Cruise" the fun rises to positive hilarity, and more than once the reader is constrained to laugh aloud. On the other hand, in "Captain Eli's Best Ear," a capital story, perhaps the most delightful of them all, the humor simmers gently and persistently throughout, but never, to borrow a domestic simile, "comes to a boil." "Stephen Sparridge's Christmas," published long ago in the old *Scribner's Monthly*, remains the best burlesque extant on the old-fashioned Christmas story. "As One Woman to Another" is as agreeably incredible in outline as all the rest, but here and there in it there are touches of reality, and the humor becomes irony. Mr. Stockton is at his best when he is farthest away from reality and when his mild gibes at human nature are directed at the more superficial of mortal foibles. The book appears in one of those bindings which are really the writer's rivals, so subtly do they tempt the would-be reader to linger content with the outside of the volume. It is one of the most attractive covers of a year in which good bindings have been happily frequent. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"In Plain Air"

By Elizabeth Lyman Cabot. Henry Holt & Co.

"WELL, they do say Parson Chandler gets four thousand a year from that city church of his, and Draper told me yesterday that they've made Purcell Superintendent of Schools in Milwaukee. Not but what they must feel pretty bad not to have suited Brookfield." To such remarks from her husband, Mrs. Clapp usually said "Sho!"—the New England equivalent of Mr. Burchell's "Fudge!"—for they were as unconvincing to her as the "real spring feel" he periodically discovered in his leg. At first Marion, the heroine of this story, did not "suit" Brookfield. Her glimpse of the outside world had so widened her horizon, that she could no longer be bound religiously by Brookfield standards. Alice, who was New England personified, "did not always know Marion's jest from Marion's earnest"; and Miss Dempster did not think it too much to give up one's fancies for the good of others. In the face of their remonstrances, Marion had the temerity to treat as her peers several young men whom the leaders of village society frowned upon. One diamond in the rough, that wished to focus all its rays upon herself, she contrived to send abroad—to be polished. His gratitude was one of her compensations. "If you should belong to somebody else, it's all right," he said; "only you can't help my belonging to you, and that ought to be enough for one man." Donald Keith she believed in, despite his one college escapade, and won his heart (that she might return it to loved-one Kitty) by letting him keep his canoe in her stable.

Her acquaintance with Gould Whetmore was rooted in the tenacious soil of a happy past. He was a cynic, but, owing to her faith in him, the mocking lines of his face gave way to strength and sweetness, touched "just too deeply" with his habitual weariness of life. How her faith in him was shaken because she spied someone else's gloves and pipe in Mrs. Farraday's boudoir, and how, in the excitement of a runaway, while the boys were tearing through the crowd, she had a vision of her companion's true character, may well be reserved for the perusal of the reader. Mrs. Cabot's inaccuracies of diction are admirably illustrated in the following sentence:—"Kitty Frazer lacked that birdlike vivacity of face and figure which is characteristic of American girlhood, and she lacked, too, that mental facility whose extent is too often suggestive of thinness."

"Magnhild" and "Dust"

By Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Trans. from the Norwegian. The Macmillan Co.

IF THESE novelettes were the work of a young and unknown writer just sharpening his quill, one's judgment upon them would be unhesitatingly pronounced. Gleams of power, flashes of insight, strong situations, bits of unmistakable poetry, all these are there—*staccato* chords in what might be a delightful harmony, if only the musician knew how to manage his instrument. This instrument is one of the most rugged and uneven languages known in Europe—the Norwegian dialect, bristling with consonants and impossibilities of sound, curiously naked in its syntax, abrupt and monosyllabic in much of its utterance. The peculiarities of the language seem to have gone over into the psychology of the people that use it, as they are reflected in Bjørnson's pages at least. Conversation such as we know it seems unknown to these strange inarticulate folk: their talk is jerky, disconnected, and the characters themselves—Magnhild, Rønnang, Skarlie, Mrs. Bang—are odd, dumb animals who have not yet learnt articulate speech. How such a book as "Magnhild" could have given rise to a violent "controversy," even twenty years ago and among the most provincial of nationalities, is a mystery that passes comprehension. Literature must be at a low ebb when such things cause controversy.

Bjørnson has occasionally written charming things, but "Magnhild" and "Dust" are not of them. The problematic conduct of hero and heroine, the hints of improper alliances, the torrents of tears shed without the slightest apology by the females, the obstreperous emotion evoked by unmotivated chance meetings of rather commonplace people, are certainly not things to whet a jaded appetite or quicken the pulses of a sensation-stunted public. We don't know why these trifles have been thought worthy of translation, except to complete the *opus* of a not very voluminous writer. Bjørnson is a viking by nature, full of fight, full of parliamentary ability, versatile, but by no means a star of the first magnitude. Literary astronomers spying in the dark Norwegian heavens have turned a star into a sun because stars were scarce there, and an absurd overestimate is the result.

"My Lord Duke"

By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons.

HE MIGHT have been Claude, were not Claude a person of infinite poetic scruples. Till the last chapter he was Jack, an Australian bushman and Claude's cousin. Then Jack's supposed father (supposedly dead), the Marquis of Maske, turned up, was recognized by the servants, and divulged the astonishing fact that Jack was not his son at all, but the issue of his second wife's first marriage. This was welcome news, although it relieved Jack of the dukedom, inasmuch as the lying Marquis had married his Australian wife while his English wife was living. It will be seen that a genealogical interest attaches to Mr. Hornung's story. It has, too, a sentimental and a psychological interest. Not only did Jack temporarily debar Claude from the distinction his flatterers friends craved for him, but he won the love of Olivia, on whom Claude had cast "poets' eyes." And Claude spent his entire time, when he was not animadverting upon the reviews of his poems, in civilizing Jack, who needed it. He brought a crate of cats with him from Australia, and for their comfort insisted on building a grate fire in August. He had a cutty pipe, and wore his flannel collar and bush wideawake at Lady Selwood's reception. "I thought it so dear of him to come as he was, didn't you?" said Lady Caroline, with transparent insincerity. The time came when she hated him with all her hollow heart for having found her out. Finally Jack triumphed socially by the unconscious bluntness of his direct nature. The one thing he wouldn't suffer, among his tenants, was cruelty to animals. One is deeply grieved when the big-hearted, uncouth fellow sat at the head of the table for the last time.

"My Lord Duke" impresses one as an accidental, motiveless tale—full of sudden, though after a while familiar turns. Crystallization never quite sets in, and one is kept in continual suspense as to whether everybody is, or is not, a nobody. Mr. Hornung shows here narrative, rather than dramatic, skill, and becomes conventional when he lapses into melodrama. In details he evinces a rare tact; and his style is distinctly literary, although it seldom rises above the level of the dispassionate. Lady Selwood, who watched the courtship of Olivia and the supposed duke with opera-glasses from a distant window, and Stubbs, the reviewer, with his sensitized soul and "unhealthy skin," are characters in whom the author apparently takes a merely satirical interest. His most clever work appears where two such diverse characters as Jack and Olivia are brought into unison.

"Stories of Naples and the Camorra"

By Charles Grant. The Macmillan Co.

NO ONE can begin reading these strangely fascinating stories of Neapolitan "underground" life without continuing them to the end; or, if they are left unfinished, without a haunting sense of injustice to oneself. England lost a man of rare talent when Charles Grant (born in 1841) died in Styria in 1889. This almost unknown author was the son of a merchant on the Gambia, and of a lady who in a fever epidemic was left for dead. A Negro was already taking the measurement for the coffin, when suddenly consciousness returned and she exclaimed to his intense dismay, "Not yet, Sambo!" Charles studied at Jena and imbibed a profound and intimate knowledge of German literature and philosophy. He walked through Germany, Austria and the Tyrol, and settled in Berlin, supporting himself largely by teaching and by contributions to the German periodicals. In 1872 he visited Italy, and there formed an intimate friendship with Dr. Anton Dohrn, who became the head of the laboratory of marine biology, a now famous scientific establishment, and it was here, in contact with Neapolitans of all classes, for many years, that Grant obtained rare and unusual glimpses into Italian life, habits, character, sentiment and modes of thought.

Rare, indeed, will these glimpses reveal themselves to be to one who reads the remarkable stories in which he embodies his knowledge. Minute as Dutch *genre* pictures are these tales, faithful to the point of microscopic accuracy, racy, detailed, dramatic. Grant's pages are revelations of the lives and doings and sayings of the Naples fisher-folk and their sanguinary Camorra—the sinister organization that spreads like a cancer through the beautiful land of the Campo Felice and terrorizes its population. The intense realism of such tales as "Peppiniello," "Gabriele," "Don Antonio" and "Domenico" shows them to be true transcripts from life. The four stories are woven into a continuous, forceful record, which reads like genuine history and mirrors the deadly moral miasms amid which Neapolitan folk are

reared. The story is at once fascinating and afflicting, for it is no artless, ordinary "slum" story of which one is sick: the light and shade are well managed and the artistic purpose is nowhere overshadowed by a mass of dismal journalistic detail.

Other Works of Fiction

BUT RECENTLY we have had a tale of adventure in Central America; now we have one of the north coast of Africa—of the hill tribesmen who, whatever their shortcomings, are splendid fighters and gentlemen in the swashbuckling, mediæval sense of the word. Mr. Clinton Ross gives us in "Zuleka" an American hero and an English comrade (the coöperation of the two branches of the race in adventurous undertakings of doubtful international legality seems to be quite popular in fiction just now); a Moorish heroine with an English mother; a sheik who is half London clubman and half Oriental fanatic; and a lot of English sailors who, of course, carry everything before them. Then there are a treasure hidden in a mountain; a rascally American consul and a renegade Frenchman, who has deserted from Algiers—in short, all the ingredients for the making of a swift tale of derring-do. It is curious to observe, by the way, how strong is the likeness between Mr. Ross's story and Mr. Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune"—the date of publication precluding, of course, the possibility of even a suspicion of plagiarism. Mr. Ross has told us a good story; it were perhaps invidious to lay stress upon its shortcomings, which prevent its taking rank with the best tales of its kind. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

THE AUTHOR OF "The Sun of Saratoga: A Romance of Burgoyne's Surrender," Joseph A. Altsheler, is a new writer, who deserves a hearty welcome. His story is told in a simple, straightforward manner; and it is perhaps for that reason that it impresses itself so vividly upon the reader's memory. Mr. Altsheler is not only successful in his descriptions of battle and perilous undertakings: his landscapes, whether around the camp of the hard-pressed English general, or on the Hudson at Albany and below it, are excellent in their simplicity. Perhaps the chief merit of the story, however, is that it starts with an uncommonly interesting situation, and never declines from the high standard set thereby. In these days, when historical novels and tales of adventure are so eagerly snatched up, "The Sun of Saratoga" should be sure of success. Like that other excellent story of the American Revolution, Mr. Hotchkiss's "In Defiance of the King," this novel is published in Appletons' Town and Country Library. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"THE METROPOLITANS," by Jeanie Drake, is a novel with a well-conceived and well-executed plot, and plenty of interesting incident. The story is aptly named, for metropolitan, indeed, are its scenes—with the exception of a trip to arctic regions,—and metropolitan its characters. In fact, it would not be so very hard to point to people and happenings and episodes in the social life of a great American city that would duplicate very effectively the fictions of this book. Miss Drake's work is good enough to bear a little criticism, which is, first of all, aimed against her strange taste in choosing names for her characters—such as the Vicomte de Vaurien; Mauvais Sujet, the Chargé d'Affaires; Royall Worcester, Mrs. Crowne Derby, and the like; and secondly, against her tendency to over-elaborate the conversations of her characters. This excessive polish misses the result aimed at. But the story is good reading. (Century Co.)

WE DO NOT object to the *roman à clef* as such; indeed, as practised by Alphonse Daudet it has our unqualified approval. But when the key is of the old fashioned sort, ten inches long and unmistakably heavy; and when, moreover, the author chooses to rap us over the head with it, as if doubtful of our perspicacity, we revolt. It is for this reason that we object to Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's "His Fortunate Grace." We all know whom he represents, this Duke with a historic name, who married the richest girl in America; and we all know that the lawyer who will talk about the affairs of his clients is a cad as well as a fool, besides being practically non-existent. Yet the story is not without interest, for in the wife of the great money king Mrs. Atherton has given us the best character sketch she has ever done; and she has succeeded in making the financier himself a worthy foil for this remarkable woman. Both of them are purely fictitious characters, and

Mrs. Atherton is to be congratulated upon the fact that, while creating these two, she lost her key, or, let us hope, wilfully threw it away. The story is written for English readers, rather than for Americans; but why tell them that our richest men have the presidency at their disposal, when the contrary is true? (D. Appleton & Co.)

"WIVES IN EXILE" is a sprightly tale of Irish high-bloods, who, taking advantage of their husbands' absence, go a-yachting with a crew of women and do other unfeminine things after the fashion of "The Princess: A Medley." The humorous audacity of the conversation is of the up-to-date sort, and must quite take the breath out of persons fed on Jane Austen and other sticklers for old-fashioned proprieties. The *blast* atmosphere of the modern drawing room does not possess the quickening influences of the icy top of the Jungfrau, but such as it is—enervating, slangy, bold to the point of excluding all sex distinctions,—Mr. William Sharp reproduces it in these witty Wives. We confess, the broad brogueish Irish humor of the yachting Argonauts is sometimes too much for rather excitable nerves: it requires more knowledge of Celto-English than we possess just to catch the spray and spangle of it. Still, this is forgiven in the general felicity of phrase and description that marks the book as written by a scholar; and the adventures of Honor and Leonora add one bead more to the rich rosary of feminine audacities and achievements at the tip-end of an almost burnt-out century. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

"THE DEPUTY OF ARCIS" finishes the delightful series of Wormeley translations of Balzac, from which the public has derived so much pleasure. The novel promised to be one of the finest, but was unfortunately left incomplete by the author. Many characters in it are admirably sketched, especially those of the several aspirants to the deputyship, and the women are sprightly and lifelike—tampering, however, as usual, with the dangerous subject of the married-woman-with-a-lover. By what perversion of illicit imagination can the French mind have got into the now inveterate habit of running along these forbidden lines? The publishers are certainly to be congratulated on the happy completion of their vast undertaking. (Roberts Bros.)—"MIRIAM CROMWELL, Royalist," is a romance of the Great Rebellion and begins with the year of our Lord 1641. The author, Miss Dora Greenwell McChesney, is already known for her "Kathleen Clare," a winning and pathetic story highly praised by the English and Scotch newspapers. Considerable poetical imagination is displayed in the new book, playing like summer lightning round a solid core of historic fact. Cromwell appears, and the brilliant figure of Prince Rupert flashes in and out; Roundhead and Cavalier give stirring incidents to the plot, and the agitation, religious and poetical, of the time is reflected in the characters. There is rather too much of the Biblical "saith" and "cometh" kind of talk; and the people thee and thou each other *ad nauseam*; there is an affectation of quaintness in the conversation, intended for local coloring, we suppose, and a rather painful searching of the soul and the vocabulary for contemporaneous Puritanisms and Roundhead phraseology. But all this we imagine inevitable in a romance set in that period, and it will not offend determined lovers of historical novels. (London: William Blackwood & Sons.)

"SPANISH Castles by the Rhine," by David Skaats Foster, contains three slightly connected short stories. The first one begins with a reminiscence of the Sieur de Maleteste's door, and proceeds with a daughter of royalty who bears a strong likeness to the Princess Osra, even though she finally turns out to be no princess at all. Then, just as the reader expects to get some inside information regarding the Kotze scandal, the story, which seems to be just developing, comes suddenly to an end. The two remaining stories are humorous. The book will do for reading on a very hot day, when people want entertainment of the lightest kind. (F. A. Stokes Co.)—"THE REGICIDES: A Tale of Early Colonial Times," by Frederick Hull Cogswell, deals with the flight to the New England Colony of Generals Whalley and Goffe, signers of the death-warrant of Charles I., after the accession of the Merry Monarch, and their pursuit by the latter's officers. The author gives sketches of life among the Puritans and has succeeded in presenting in an attractive way the information he has gathered from many sources. (New York: Baker & Taylor Co.)

MR. JEROME K. JEROME'S new volume of short stories, "Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green," is essentially English—English, that is to say, in a restricted, middle-class, *Home-Notes*-reading sense. Occasionally there is a flash of real cleverness in these sketches, that makes us suspect that the author has more respect for his own special public than for his art; but the rest is commonplace. In fact, the book is not literature at all, not even in the elastic, tolerant sense in which the word is applied to-day. It belongs with that flood of books and periodicals that entertains and improves the mind, morals and manners of the British shop-boy and his "lidy,"—the flood that happily never overflows its banks to deposit its mud in the field of letters. Only once or twice does Mr. Jerome strike a deeper note in these stories; for the rest, his observations of life and his humor (with the exception of the few flashes referred to above) are equally superficial, trite and discouraging. The illustrations in the text are rather clever; some of the full-page pictures suffer from very bad figure-drawing. (Henry Holt & Co.)

MRS. CRAIGIE'S "fantasia," "The Herb-Moon," marks a new trait in that admirable writer's work. There is a tenderness in this story of love and its trials that is largely missing in her earlier and, perhaps, more brilliant books. A "herb-moon" is the name invented by one of the characters of the story—a farmer's wife—for a long courtship; and a long courtship, certainly, and a sad one, is that of the young clerk in the mill offices and of the woman whose husband is practically dead, though physically alive in an asylum for the insane. The tragedy of Mrs. Arden's self-sacrifice—so humble, so obscure—will make her memory live in the mind and heart of every reader. The book abounds, of course, in Mrs. Craigie's inimitable touches, such as her description of Sledges, the solicitor, "who always spoke of Rome and Canterbury as though they were the parties in a divorce suit." (F. A. Stokes Co.)—"REDBURN," by Henry Ochlertze, is a novel of the "kailyard," and a good one. It lacks the one supreme touch that has sent the works of Barrie, Dr. Watson and Crockett triumphant through the English-speaking world; but it is excellent in its way, which, to be honest, is the second-best. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THREE rattling sea-stories are included in "The Port of Missing Ships," by John R. Spears. The yarn which gives its name to the book is, as may be supposed, a sailor's fancy of the snug harbor to which jolly tars go when they are drowned. The other two, "The Skipper of the Nancy C." and "Story of a Second Mate," have in them more of fact than fancy, but are not the less entertaining. There is an exhilarating race over the Atlantic race-course between the Nancy C. and the Dorothy A. in the second story; a whole-souled fight in the third, and an old-fashioned storm in the first, any one of which ought to make the fortune of the book. The cover is both pretty and appropriate, with its picture of a topmast, sails spread against the blue, and the green shore of the Port of Missing Ships in the distance. (Macmillan Co.)—LOVE and the Chicago strike, principally the latter, are the chief ingredients in "A Tame Surrender," by Capt. Charles King. The Captain's account of the great strike is readable, and might be important if it were possible to determine what is fact and what is fiction. The best-drawn character is a wholly contemptible and disagreeable one, a meddlesome German tutor, who mixes himself up with the business of strikers, railroad magnates and army officers, sets afloat slanders about the women of his acquaintance, gets everybody by the ears, and ends—poetic justice!—as a newspaper reporter. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THERE is undoubted strength in E. W. Hornung's new story of convict life in Australia, "The Rogue's March." The horrors and abuses of the system and the crimes of the bushrangers are sufficient material for any tale; the intrigue which leads the innocent hero to the convict station is, moreover, well worked out. The happy ending may make the book acceptable to most readers; we should have preferred a grimmer culmination of the career of the embittered convict. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—"TATTERLEY: The Story of a Dead Man," by T. Gallon, reminds us somewhat of Dickens, and particularly of Ebenezer Scrooge. This is not saying that Mr. Gallon is a plagiarist, or even an imitator. Far from it. Mr. Gallon's story is all his own, we are sure, and is worth reading. We should have preferred, however,

a measure of hard justice for the cynical cousin who was left to enjoy the fortune of Caleb Fry, the man who took the place of a dead man and let the corpse be buried under his own name. (D. Appleton & Co.)

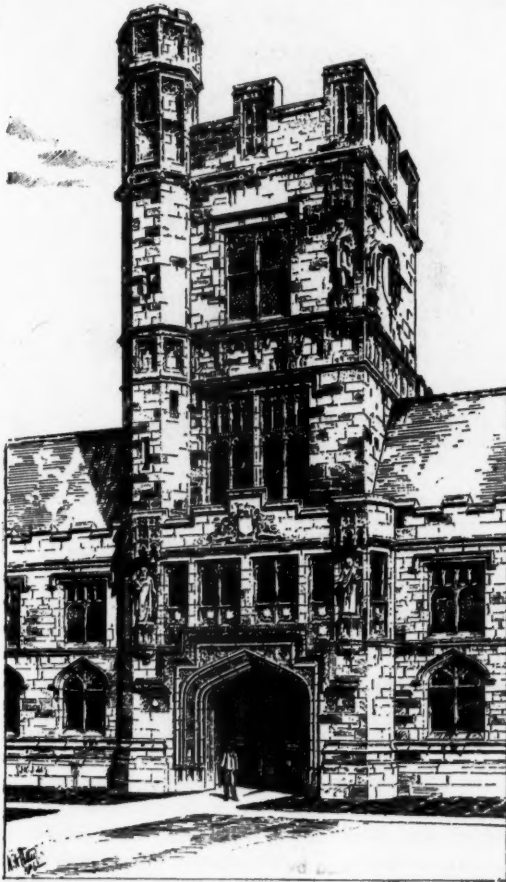
"Boss" is an interesting biographical sketch of a dog that, getting on in years, beginning to feel the hand of decay laid on it, so to speak, repines at the gradual departure of its strength and cunning, and moralizes on its approaching end, yet for a brief spell becomes its old self once more in a heroic effort to save its mistress's life. In "Boss and Other Dogs," the others include a beggar's dog, a good dog afflicted with the chicken habit; a mongrel gifted with the genius that goes with mixed blood; and a bull terrier with a passion for worrying the trousers of its mistress's suitor. All are charming animals, though misunderstood and persecuted by human society, which even condemns some of them to death for wholly selfish reasons that do not for a moment impose upon the author, Miss Maria Louisa Pool. For two things the stories deserve high praise: they are strikingly dramatic, and they show a real liking for dogs as dogs are, and especially for the poor and lowly, the improvident and disreputable of the family. (Stone & Kimball.)—"THE BRAVEST OF THEM ALL" is, for these degenerate days, a somewhat lengthy animal story, in which figure the bear and the buffalo, the tiger and the trumpeter-bird, as well as his majesty the lion, and his majesty's enemy, the snake. There are an old-fashioned moral, and several half-tone pictures; and the author, Mr. J. Selwin Tait, has caught the knack, so necessary to the fabulist, of blending human with animal character. The cover is resplendent in crimson and gold. (New York: The Eskdale Press.)

PROBABLY the most interesting part of Peacock's "Misfortunes of Elphin" is found in its verse, which is either imitation, or direct translation, of Welsh originals. Still, Mr. George Saintsbury, the editor of the new edition of Peacock's works to which this volume belongs, is inclined to prefer the story to nearly all the other books of this writer, although, with critical impartiality, he proceeds at once to point out why it could never have been very popular. "Rhododaphne," which fills out the volume, he considers "a very interesting example of that section of the Romantic poetry of the first quarter of this century which was written by men who were not first of all poets." Like most of its predecessors in the series, the volume is illustrated by F. H. Townsend. (Macmillan Co.)—A NEW edition of "Ivanhoe," illustrated by C. E. Brock; and one of "The Last of the Barons," illustrated by Fred. Pegram, have recently been published in England. The type is rather smaller than we are used to in these days, but it is readable; and, considering the binding and illustrations, the price is low. (Imported by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

AS THE successive volumes of the handsome uniform edition of Capt. Marryat's novels come from the press, our memory turns enviously to earlier days, when all these splendid tales were yet unread. Lives there the man who does not count the reading of these books among the greatest pleasures of his youth?—especially when the reading had to be done surreptitiously, as, for some reason only understandable to an earlier generation, was but too often the case. So here comes "Mr. Midshipman Easy," with his rollicking fun; and "The King's Own," Marryat's first novel, though not his first to be published, and probably his best; "Poor Jack," which Poe considered "perhaps the best specimen of its author's cast of thought and national manner"; "Percival Keene," which, when analyzed, is not so pleasant a tale, to be true, but yet has the rush and dash of all the others; and "Joseph Rushbrook," which first appeared serially in *The Era*—a fact for which the author was roundly abused by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, who wrote:—"If writing monthly fragments threatened to deteriorate Mr. Ainsworth's productions, what must be the result of his hebdomadal habit? Capt. Marryat, we are sorry to see, has taken to the same line. Both these popular authors may rely upon our warning, that they will live to see their laurels fade unless they more carefully cultivate a spirit of self respect. That which was venial in a miserable starveling of Grub Street is perfectly disgusting in the extravagantly paid novelists of the day." (Little, Brown & Co.)

Honorary Degrees at Princeton

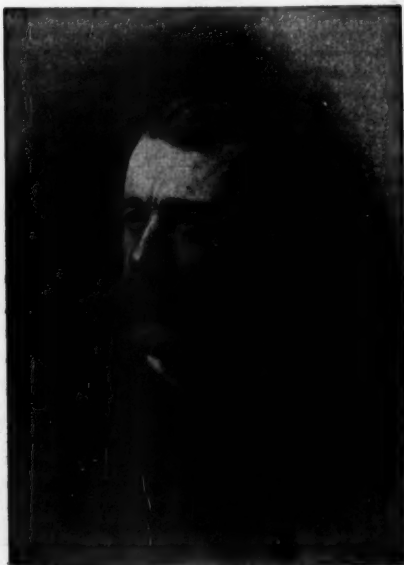
WHEN MR. CLEVELAND was President, he declined all honorary degrees; now that he has left the White House he feels free



DRAWN BY MR. W. A. POTTER, THE ARCHITECT

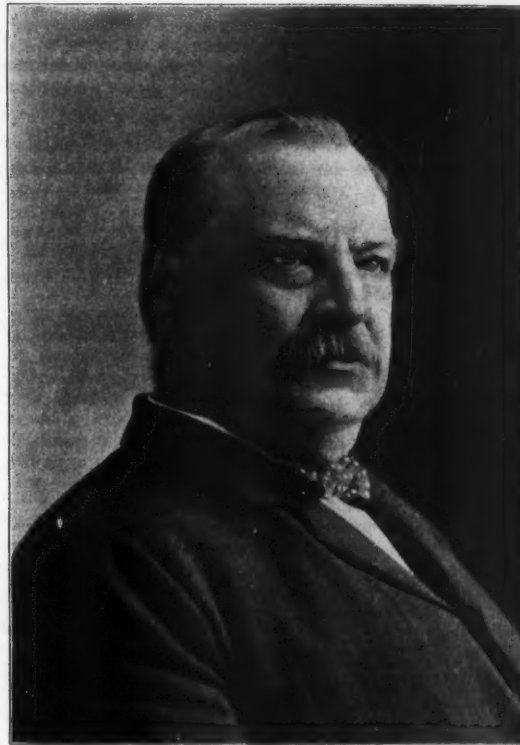
WESTERN DOOR OF PRINCETON'S NEW COLLEGE LIBRARY

to accept them. That of Doctor of Laws, offered at Princeton's sesquicentennial celebration, last fall, was conferred last Wednes-



From Harper's Portraits Catalogue.

MR. LAURENCE HUTTON



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EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

day. On the same day the same degree was conferred upon the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler of Brooklyn, Mr. John L. Cadwalader and Dr. Henry Morton, President of Stevens Institute.

Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens was made a Doctor of Letters, and Mr. Laurence Hutton a Master of Arts.



PHOTOGRAPH BY G. Q. COX

MR. AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS

The Lounger

NO DOUBT, the *Herald* means well by heading with \$1000 a fund for the benefit of Mark Twain, but I can hardly think that Mr. Clemens is a subject for charity. The stories of his poverty that were cabled to this country were promptly denied by those in a position to speak with authority, and it must be very annoying to him to have them repeated and insisted upon. He is one of the best paid of living authors, and his writings are in eager demand. Two large publishing-houses are bringing out editions of his complete works at the present time, and a new book from his pen is on the press to be published in the fall.

MR. EDWARD BELLAMY breaks a ten years' silence to-day with the publication, through Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of "Equality"—a sort of continuation of "Looking Backward." The scene is laid in the year 2000, and the same characters, or their descendants, are introduced. Says Mr. Bellamy in his preface:—"Looking Backward" was a small book, and I was not able to get into it all I wished to say on the subject. Since it was published what was left out of it has loomed up as so much more important than what it contained that I have been constrained to write another book. "Equality" is a large book—412 pages,—and the story is told in a series of questions and answers. Mr. Heinemann publishes it in London, simultaneously with its appearance in America.

MRS. FLORA ANNIE STEEL, who will always be known as the author of "On the Face of the Waters," no matter how many books she wrote before that novel, or how many she may have written since, has made a reputation for herself as an after-dinner speaker, with one speech. It was an impromptu delivered at one of the dinners of the New Vagabond Club. She is said to have the American accomplishment of pointing her remarks with anecdote. Unfortunately, as she spoke without notes, only those who heard her know what she said, for the speech was not fully reported. If it was, I have not seen a report of it, though I have hunted diligently through the English papers. Even the *London Literary World*, which makes a feature of reporting New Vagabond dinners, did not give more than a passing mention to this interesting occasion.

LONDON is a good place for the average mortal not to be in just now, I fancy, and I am not surprised to hear that there is a stream of people pouring out of the city as well as one pouring in. I should like to see the procession, for it will be a novel and brilliant one, but I should not like to get caught in a London crowd, having once had that awful experience. One thing that we Americans enjoy in London is its cheapness, and that we would not find this summer. Everything will be dear, dearer than at home: even the penny busses are going to raise their price for Jubilee week. And then again, London will be as ugly as scaffolding and crowds can make it. Trafalgar Square, which is such a picturesque and restful place, will be disfigured with rough wooden benches, while even the old churches in Fleet Street and the Strand are sacrificed to boards and bunting. No, I am glad that I decided not to visit London this year. I agree with Mr. Poultney Bigelow that it will be pleasanter to be out of the crowd than in it. True to his belief, he has closed his house in Chelsea and taken his family and his canoes to Germany, where he will read about the great day lying under the trees along the banks of the beautiful blue Danube.

THERE are two artists in London whose real name, I believe, is Nicholson, but who prefer to be known professionally as the Beggarstaff brothers. They work in a peculiar manner, and produce



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

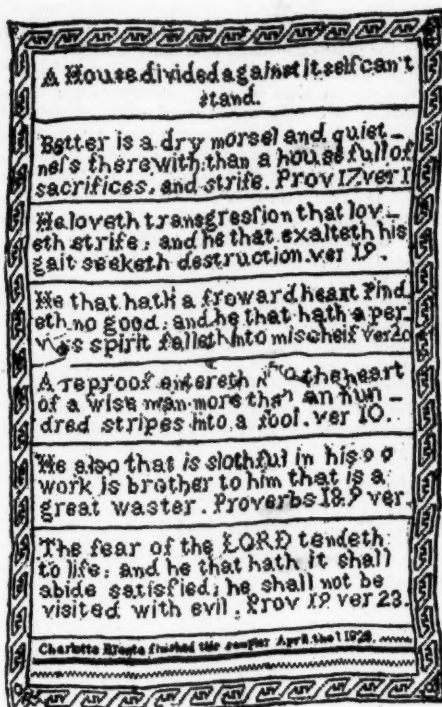
effects in posters that no other artists in this line have succeeded in obtaining. I have been told that they take a sheet of white paper as big as a counterpane, and cut out bits of colored paper, which they paste on it in such designs as they wish. Of course, they cannot get any gradations of light and shade in this manner, but then, they don't want any. As a rule, after once setting their design on paper, they cut it on the wood-block with their own hands. One of them has made a portrait of Queen Victoria, of which the original woodcut was reproduced by lithography because so many copies were printed. It forms the frontispiece of the June number of *The New Review*, and, while many English news-dealers have refused to display it, thinking it little less than a caricature of their Queen, the general public in England has bought thousands of copies.

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL has quite lost his head over Mr. Nicholson's portrait, and says of it in the course of a column's praise in *The Daily Mail*:—

"There is the Queen as we have seen her, short and stout, her hair silvered by her many years, but so stately, so regal that she is every inch a Queen as she rests on her good, strong stick, her little dog pricking up friendly ears at her feet. The portrait, truly, is a masterpiece of its kind, for it reveals the two great essentials: the sitter with character, in this respect the Queen being as lavishly endowed as Philip of Spain or Titian's Charles; the artist with a point of view of his own, Mr. Nicholson having had eyes to see for himself, without the aid of dull camera or the spectacles of other men. For my part, I have no hesitation in saying that I have yet to be shown a painting of her Majesty worthier a place in our National Portrait Gallery than this little colour print."

I have cut the print from *The New Review* and had it framed, and would advise others to do the same, as it is, so far, among the most interesting souvenirs of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. Only the color is lacking in the reproduction which is printed here-with.

THE *Tribune* has discarded its ridiculous *Twinkles* and now prints a supplement more in keeping with its age and dignity. No more readable supplement is published by a New York Sunday paper, than this new one. I congratulate the *Tribune*, and myself as one of its readers, on the change.



A BRONTË RELIC

I FIND IN *The Sketch* this reproduction of a sampler worked by Charlotte Brontë at the age of twelve. It was finished "April the 1, 1828."

SIR HENRY IRVING received an ovation from a select audience, when, a few weeks ago, he read selections from Tennyson's "Becket" in the Chapter House of Canterbury Cathedral. "Right under the lee of the Cathedral," exclaims one enthusiastic reporter, "and within fifty yards of the actual spot of Becket's martyrdom, the Lyceum manager may be said to have completed the last links of that chain of union between Church and Stage which for many years he has been so patiently forging." It is said that Sir Henry actually grew pale as he read the passage describing the Archbishop's murder, and for some moments after he finished the reading the audience sat in awed silence and then broke forth into loud applause. It must have been a most interesting occasion and I regret that I was not there to see.

THOSE WHO have read and enjoyed Miss Kate Sanborn's story of the abandoned farm that she rescued and made to blossom as the rose, will regret to read the following advertisement cut from a Boston paper:—

"ADOPTING AN ABANDONED FARM"—The scene of, and the former home of, the popular novelist, Kate Sanborn; 3 minutes from station, postoffice and electric cars; now offered at an abandoned farm price; 1150-lb. horse, cow, hens, pig, sleigh, double and single harnesses, farm wagon, new democrat, tipcart, wheel-barrow, grindstone, all farming tools, &c.; 20 acres of clean, level, smooth and productive land, southerly slope, well fenced; plenty of fruit; near excellent markets, exceptionally good neighborhood; 2-story house of 9 rooms, painted and blinded, shaded by beautiful elms; carriage house and woodshed adjoin; barn 38x40, clapboarded, painted, cupola, cemented cellar; splendid water; \$3750, part cash. P. F. LELAND, exclusive agent, 113 Devonshire st.

How can anyone with literary yearnings resist this opportunity to possess the "scene of a popular novelist," for that is the way the advertisement describes it.

IN ONE OF THE most attractive of New York's suburbs, a local ordinance has just been conspicuously posted, by the terms of which "No license shall hereafter be issued to the driver of any vehicle under eighteen years of age." (The italics are mine.) To judge by the appearance of their "vehicles," the hackmen have nothing to fear from a literal enforcement of this rule.

Book Advertising in 1900

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN who has had a good deal to do with the advertising of books in the conventional, legitimate way, has amused himself by making up the following sample of an advertisement such as we may expect to see in the year 1900.

BOOK SLAUGHTER. BELLA BELAIR'S GREAT NOVEL.

Her brightest and best.

"HER HUSBAND'S WIFE."

With the collaboration of
EIGHT (8) FAMOUS AUTHORS.

AT EVERY NOTION COUNTER.

THRILLING . . . PATHETIC
. . . UPLIFTING . . .

Clutches the Heart Strings.

SEVEN (7) HEROINES,
Four blondes, three brunettes.

SIX (6) HEROES.
Count them for yourself.
One a gambler, one a nobleman, the
others, ministers, burglars, divorcees,
and college athletes.

GREAT TRIPLE PLOT.

Enacted simultaneously in London, Duluth and
Simolensk.
Characters all taken from life. (Key with every
copy.)

CHIEF INCIDENTS.

Two	Railroad Collisions	Two
Six	Marriages	Six
Two	Abductions	Two
Twelve	Court Scenes	Twelve
Nine	Scandals	Nine
Three	Death Beds (all fatal)	Three
One	Subway Explosion	One

ONLY A FEW COPIES LEFT.

TO ANY ONE ordering before the
15th inst. we will
present (for cash orders only) an ELEGANT
RED AND BLUE MANICURE SET.

HOW TO ORDER.

- 1st. Press the fire alarm button three times, and
simply wait.
- 2d. At any Notion Counter.
- 3d. Hand your order to any policeman.
- 4th. Send for one of our female Parisian can-
vassers.

Send for pamphlet of Press Notices: Gladstone,
Stedman and Howells have all
praised it warmly.

N. B.—Costumes in this novel described by
"Gyp"; subtleties by Henry James; love scenes
by Ella Wheeler W.; railroad accidents
by Jokai; abductions by Edgar Saltus; court
scenes by Anna Katharine Green; scandals by the
editor of the *J—*; marriage services by a corps
of carefully selected and highly trained bishops;
drunks and disorderlies by Stephen Crane.

SCRIP & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS,
NEW YORK.

London Letter

THE "READING"—once so popular a form of entertainment—has fallen upon evil days. Nowadays people seem to require the illusions of stage-scenery and properties more and more, and the entertainer would find it a difficult task to hold a large house, as his predecessors did, with the unaided charm of talent. Yet twenty or thirty years ago the art of the "reader" was immensely appreciated, and its exercise issued in many channels. Perhaps it was the absurd ingenuity of some of these "variations" that led to the discredit of the art; certainly the whole practice reached a reduction to the last possibility when the late Mr. Bellevue read "Hamlet" from a desk, while a company of players on a stage went through the action of the play in dumb show! This, indeed, was the triumph of artificiality!

However, every now and then the good old custom of a reading is revived. Last winter Mr. Bancroft travelled the country with Dickens's "Christmas Carol," which he declaimed, very generously, for the benefit of the hospitals. And this last week Sir Henry Irving has given a very important impetus to the art by his remarkable recital of "Becket" in the Chapter House of Canterbury Cathedral. Dean Farrar was responsible for the idea, and showed much energy in circularizing the press with notices. Scarcely a paper in the United Kingdom but received his premonitory letter, describing the scheme of the entertainment. As a result a large and distinguished audience found its way to Canterbury, and the actor-manager had a great reception. The Chapter House was full. Applause was permitted, the Dean himself setting an early example to those who were a little uncertain as to the right fashion of showing approbation within the Cathedral precincts. Sir Henry read from a folio copy of the play, and necessarily abbreviated it considerably. Indeed, he found himself obliged to omit several passages, which were retained in the Lyceum stage version, in order to compress it within the space of two hours. Beginning quietly and without action, the reader gradually warmed to his work. Those who heard Dickens read his own "Oliver Twist" tell us that he was wont, as the story progressed, to desert the narrative form altogether, and, caught by the spirit of the thing, would suddenly omit all descriptive passages, and act the final scenes of the tale with an almost horrible intensity. In much the same way, Sir Henry was carried away at Canterbury, and in the closing passages of the play revived the keenest memories of his fine performance in Wellington Street. It so happened that evensong was being held in the Cathedral during the time when the reader was finishing his task, and the low, distant music of the organ formed a wonderfully impressive accompaniment to the performance. Altogether, it was a very interesting experiment, and one that should do something toward reviving the fashion for an art which is slowly declining into desuetude.

The poets will naturally be busy with the Jubilee, and there are to be many congratulatory odes during the next few weeks. Oxford is to raise her voice in the chorus, and the Professor of Poetry, Mr. W. J. Courthope, has entrusted to the Clarendon Press the publication of his official ode, which is to be handsomely set forth in a worthy and dignified shape. Prof. Courthope's poem should prove among the most interesting, for it is in this kind of verse that he particularly excels. His earliest contribution to literature was a Newdigate Prize Poem on "The Tercentenary of Shakespeare's Birth," opening, if I remember aright,

"Clash out, you loud and jubilant spires; ring down
Clear peals of revelry on Stratford town,"

and sustaining throughout a high and melodious note. It will be remembered that ten years ago Prof. Palgrave represented the loyalty of Oxford in a striking Jubilee Ode, and it is pleasant to know that the custom is to be preserved.

Nowadays, every age comes sooner or later into the care of literature, and there seems just now a reviving interest in that dim period known as the Stone Age. One seems to trace the tendency alike in scientific and in popular branches of literature. In the first field we are to have a revised and largely rewritten version of Sir John Evans's important work upon the stone implements, weapons and ornaments of early Britain. It is a quarter of a century since this book first appeared, and it has been out of print for many years. Meanwhile new discoveries have been made, and a fresh record is desirable. At the same time that versatile storyteller, Mr. H. G. Wells, is engaged upon a series of "Stories of the Stone Age," which are appearing in a popular magazine. In these tales Mr. Wells endeavors to recreate for modern readers the Britain of our earliest records, and to picture the primitive wooings

of the wild men of the woods. The stories are attracting some attention here for their originality and imagination.

Despite all prophecies to the contrary, the "provincial" movement in fiction, which aims at giving every village its separate romance, appears to continue unabated. Mr. Grant Richards, youngest of the publishers, is just announcing a "Sylvan Series," which is to deal in local literature and starts with a tale of peasant life in Derbyshire by that talented writer, Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist. One hears at the same time that Mr. George Ford has finished a story of Somersetshire life, called "The Larramys," which, in a fashion, will challenge comparison with the delightful West Country idylls of Mr. Walter Raymond. Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's new novel, "A Man of the Moors," is further said to deal with the Brontë country—a region, it need scarcely be said, alive with romance and romantic possibilities. One begins to feel that, long ere he has set foot upon our soil, the literary American will be primed with the sentiment and tradition of all our countryside. And indeed, it is already no rare thing to find a travelling American who knows more of our "pleasant places" than most of us know ourselves—which, after all, only goes to prove the truth of one of our oldest proverbs!

LONDON, 4 June 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

For A Village Library

THE NEW YORK STATE LIBRARY'S list of 489 of the leading books published in 1896, submitted to 800 librarians, with a request for an expression of opinion respecting the fifty which would be the most valuable for a village library, was sifted by the votes of about 200 librarians with the following result:—

FICTION

Barrie. Sentimental Tommy.
Mrs. Ward. Sir George Tressady.
Gilbert Parker. Seats of the Mighty.
Hopkinson Smith. Tom Grogan.
Kate Douglas Wiggin. Marm Lisa.
John Watson. Kate Carnegie.
S. O. Jewett. Country of the Pointed Firs.
Stimson. King Noanett.
Clemens. Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc.
Félix Gras. Reds of the Midi.
Robert L. Stevenson. Weir of Hermiston.
Frank R. Stockton. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht.

JUVENILE

E. S. Brooks. Century Book of Famous Americans.
Andrew Lang. Animal Story Book.
Norah Perry. Three Little Daughters of the Revolution.
W. J. Rolfe. Shakespeare, the Boy.
E. O. White. Little Girl of Long Ago.
Crockett. Sweetheart Travellers.
G. A. Henty. At Agincourt.

BIOGRAPHY

Morse. Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Barrie. Margaret Ogilvy.
F. C. Lowell. Joan of Arc.
Woodrow Wilson. George Washington.
P. L. Ford. The True George Washington.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL

R. L. Stevenson. In the South Seas.
Mrs. Alice Morse Earle. Colonial Days in Old New York.
R. H. Davis. Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America.
Lafcadio Hearn. Kokoro.

SOCIAL SCIENCE

F. A. Walker. International Bimetallism.
Herbert Spencer. The Principles of Sociology.
E. L. Godkin. Problems of Modern Democracy.
M. P. Follett. The Speaker of the House of Representatives.

AMERICAN HISTORY

Edward Eggleston. Beginners of a Nation.
E. B. Andrews. History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States.
J. G. Bourinot. Story of Canada.

RELIGION

Andrew D. White. History of the Warfare of Science with Theology.
Lyman Abbott. Christianity and Social Problems.
John Watson. Mind of the Master.

BELLES-LETTRES

Kipling. Seven Seas.
Eugene Field. Songs, and Other Verse.
George Saintsbury. History of Nineteenth Century Literature.
Hamilton W. Mabie. Books and Literature.

OTHER BOOKS

- Mrs. F. T. Dana. *Plants and Their Children.*
 E. A. Martin. *Story of a Piece of Coal.*
 C. M. Skinner. *Myths and Legends of Our Own Land.*
 N. S. Shaler. *American Highways.*
 H. E. Krehbiel. *How to Listen to Music.*
 D. C. Beard. *Outdoor Games for all Seasons.*
 Poultney Bigelow. *History of the German Struggle for Liberty.*
 H. T. Peck. *Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities.*

"The Tribe of Shaw"

(E. S. Martin, in *Harper's Weekly*)

THE TRIBE of Shaw is sturdy and numerous in this country, and especially about Boston. It was noted in the *Boston Transcript* at the time of the dedication of the Shaw Monument that forty-six first cousins of Col. Robert Gould Shaw are living, and that probably as many as thirty were present at the memorial ceremonies. The Robert Gould Shaw from whom all these cousins derive was of a Boston family, but was born in Maine in 1776. He was the father of eleven children, the eldest of whom, Francis George Shaw, was the father of Colonel Shaw. He was a participator in the Brook Farm experiment, and was known to readers as the translator of George Sand's "Consuelo," and of various writings of Fourier and others. He moved from Boston to Staten Island in 1847, and died there in 1882. Among his children are the four sisters of Col. Shaw—Mrs. George William Curtis, Mrs. Robert B. Minturn, Mrs. Francis C. Barlow and Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, better known as Josephine Shaw Lowell. The family connection of the Shaws is something to make a genealogist's eyes glisten, and to inspire interest in the mind of anyone who knows American history, and veneration in any mind that knows and cares for Boston. The last surviving son of the original Robert Gould Shaw is Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, a distinguished citizen of Boston. He married a daughter of Louis Agassiz and a niece of his is the wife of Alexander Agassiz. Great people are the Shaws, and it may reasonably be claimed for them that when the young colonel fell at Fort Wagner he was acting out the impulses that ran in his blood. Mr. Thomas F. Bayard said in Boston the other day that disinterested public service was what was most needed at present in this country. That the Shaws have rendered in surprising measure, and many of them, as was natural, have intermarried with persons of the same public-spirited instinct. The result is a family record that is exceedingly notable.

The Fine Arts

Art Books

"PROCESS," with its unexampled facilities for cheap reproduction, bids fair to be the ruin of most publications that aim to be in a special way artistic. It has habituated the public to requiring quantity rather than quality, which last is what the artistic publication should furnish. Certainly, "The Quarto" for 1896 (London: J. S. Virtue & Co.) contains little to justify its being called, in any peculiar sense, artistic. Like other English publications of the sort, it draws largely upon the works of dead artists. The best thing in this volume is the frontispiece, a small and not particularly well printed photogravure of Rossetti's "Salutation of Beatrice." This is welcome, for the picture, which is said to be coming to America, is one of Rossetti's most satisfactory works. The subject is the chance meeting of Dante with the young Beatrice, which is described in the "Vita Nuova." An article by the Rev. W. Garrett Harder, on Sidney Lanier and his poetry, is the most interesting of the other contents. Mr. Harder quotes freely, with appreciative comment, from The "Hymns of the Marshes" and "The Symphony." Mr. Gleason White, in another article worth reading, laments the fate of "The Poor Little Triolet," which has been done to death by poorly equipped imitators, and gives some examples of the better sort from the pens of Mr. Austin Dobson, Dr. George Macdonald and others.

Mr. White is literary editor of "The Pageant," which, bound in purple and gold, makes, also, a great show of photography applied to illustration. We are told in a "Foreword" that the "greatest possible delicacy of effect" has been ensured by having these half-tone plates after Gustave Moreau, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Puvis de Chavannes, George Frederick Watts and others less known, printed by a certain firm; but we cannot see that the printing is in any way superior to the average. Some vigorous designs by younger English artists—"The Autumn Muse," by Mr. Charles Ricketts, and "A Wounded Amazon," by Mr. Charles Hazelwood Shannon—must be noticed; and there is an interesting but not very suc-

cessful experiment in wood-engraving printed in colors, by Mr. Lucien Pissarro. The literary contents are, again, much more pleasing than the artistic—because the manner of reproduction does not affect them. They include a study of Jules Barbey d'Aurévilly, by Edmund Gosse; poems by Michael Field and Austin Dobson, a translation of Maeterlinck's "The Seven Princesses," and articles by the editor (on Moreau), by Angus Evan Abbott, Edward Purcell and Lionel Johnson. (London: Henry & Co.)

Art Notes

ONE of the most interesting features of Commencement at Wells College was the presentation and unveiling of a memorial window, given by the class of '85 on Alumnae Day. Mr. R. W. Gilder made the presentation speech and the window was unveiled by Mrs. Cleveland, who is a member of the class, and has been very active in securing this work of art for the College. The window was designed and executed by Messrs. John and Bancel LaFarge. It is semi-circular in form, standing opposite the main entrance, and is in three parts. The central subject is Aurora, a slender young girl in green robes of great lightness and airiness of pose, bearing a torch streaming purple and gold flames over her head, and looking backward as she stands ready to bring light into dark places. The design happily combines an allusion to the name of the pretty lake-side village, with obvious appropriateness to a woman's college; yet, strange to say, it is an old design, made without any reference to its present use or location. The treatment of the side panels is entirely ornamental, consisting of wreaths and ribbons on a white background, to ensure more light, supported upon masses of dark blue and green.

—Among the pictures at the Brooklyn Institute art exhibition, those lent by Mr. Joseph C. Hoagland of that city attracted special attention. Mr. Hoagland's collection is a notable one. It contains what is probably the most important cattle piece of Troyon, a remarkable Daubigny and an equally valuable Gainsborough (the "Gypsy Encampment"); and works by Corot, Rousseau, Breton, Dupré, Jacque, Schreyer, Van Marcke, Lerolle, Ten Kate, Israels and Neuhuys. It is interesting to know that Mr. Hoagland has purchased a house in this city and will make his home here.

—Mr. F. Richard Kimbrough, who has attracted attention by his clever cover designs for *The Alkahest*, has furnished the design for the cover of Du Maurier's "Martian." The publishers selected his drawing from more than fifty designs submitted by well-known artists and illustrators.

—Some time ago, all who took an interest in American art were delighted to find that artists of distinction had been commissioned to make designs for the \$1, \$2 and \$5 silver certificates issued by the United States Government. When the designs appeared, they were immediately recognized as the best that we had ever seen on our greenbacks. But apparently this sort of thing could not be allowed to pass; and no one, probably, has been much surprised to learn that the Treasury Department is going to substitute for these designs others in which the artistic element will be less conspicuous.

Education

THE National Educational Association, through a special committee headed by its President, State Superintendent Charles R. Skinner of New York and Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, has requested President McKinley to retain Dr. William T. Harris as Commissioner of Education, and to give the support of his administration to the Bureau. Among the prominent educators interested in Dr. Harris's continuance in office are Presidents Eliot of Harvard, Angell of the University of Michigan, Jesse of the University of Missouri, Alderman of the University of North Carolina and William Preston Johnston of Tulane. The Association has over 15,000 members. Dr. Harris's services to the cause of education are so conspicuous that we should be glad to consider his continuance in office as a foregone conclusion.

The undergraduates of Barnard College have published a handsome annual for the class of '98, called "The Mortarboard," in which are given excellent photographs of the class as a whole, and of the different clubs. The book, which is a most creditable performance, will serve as a record and a reminder for members of the Class, who will no doubt look back upon it with great satisfaction in the days that are to come. It is dedicated to Mrs. Abraham A. Anderson and Mrs. Van Wyck Brinckerhoff.

The following new appointments to the corps of instructors have been made at Vassar: In the English Department, Alice Pratt, recently fellow in English at Chicago; Gertrude Buck, recently fellow in English at the University of Chicago and instructor in English at the University of Michigan; Edith Rickert and Elizabeth Schermerhorn.

Mr. John Bassett Moore, professor of international and criminal law at Columbia University, who has been invited by the State Department to finish the compilation of "Wharton's Digest of International Law," begun by the late William Hallet Phillips, will probably accept the work, as it will not necessitate his leaving Columbia. Prof. Moore was Third Assistant Secretary of State when Mr. Bayard was in charge of that Department.

The third year of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome will begin on Oct. 15, under the direction of Prof. Clement L. Smith of Harvard. Mr. Richard Norton of Bryn Mawr will be professor of archæology. The curriculum will embrace courses in Latin epigraphy and palæography; the topography and monuments of ancient Rome and its neighborhood; Roman and Etruscan, and early Christian and mediæval art; numismatics, the catacombs and Pompeii. Application for membership should be made to Prof. Smith, at Cambridge, until Aug. 1; thereafter, care of Sebastiano Reali, Rome; or to the Chairman of the Managing Committee, at the University of Chicago. No fee is charged for tuition; bachelors of arts of colleges in good standing may become members by submitting evidence of proficiency.

Money is needed for the Egyptian Exploration fund, and may be sent to the Rev. W. C. Winslow, 525 Beacon Street, Boston. Each donor or subscriber to the year's exploration of not less than \$5 receives (1) the illustrated "Archæological Report"; (2) the elaborate, illustrated volume of the season; (3) the Annual Report, with lists of patrons and subscribers, lectures, account of annual meeting, balance sheet, etc. No other archæological society in the world gives so much for so little money. It is hoped, however, that all who can will subscribe liberally to the cause for itself. Patrons contribute not less than \$25.

The great rotunda of the Congressional Library is to be adorned by a magnificent clock, the design of an American artist, who is doing the work in his Paris studio. The materials used in its making will include bronzes, red and pink marbles, gold and colored mosaics, enamels, jade, malachite and lapislazuli. The Library building is so nearly completed that almost the entire structure is open to visitors.

Mr. Alvan Graham Clark, the astronomer and maker of lenses, died in Cambridge, Mass., last week. Among his best-known works were the lenses for the Lick and Yerkes telescopes (the latter forty inches in diameter with a focal length of sixty-four feet); the lens in the Naval Observatory at Washington (26 inches) and the thirty-inch refractor at the Imperial Observatory at St. Petersburg, which brought him a decoration from the Tsar. In 1870 and 1878 Mr. Clark accompanied total-eclipse expeditions, to Spain and Wyoming respectively. In 1862 the French Academy of Sciences awarded him the Lalande gold medal for his discovery of fourteen double stars, including the companion to Sirius.

Under the title of "The Observations of a Foster Parent," the Macmillan Co. is about to issue a series of papers dealing with a variety of educational subjects, including the place of the classics, the disputed question of entrance examinations, the field of the preparatory school, and special methods in teaching the common branches, such as reading, arithmetic, history, geography, etc.; secondary education and the universities, athletics, etc. The "Elementary Economics," by Herbert J. Davenport, announced by the same house, is a new book, not an adaptation of the author's larger work on the subject.

Notes

"EQUALITY," Mr. Edward Bellamy's new romance of the future, will be published to-day by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. Publication will be simultaneous in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, Italy and other countries. It is of interest to recall that over 400,000 copies of "Looking Backward" have been sold in this country. The book has been translated into the language of almost every civilized country, and its total sale is almost beyond computation. Quite recently the demand for literature dealing with sociological questions has led to the printing of 250,000 copies at a low price in England.

"His Majesty's Greatest Subject" is the title of a romance of India, by S. S. Thorburn, which is to be published shortly by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

The list of Messrs. Harper & Bros.' forthcoming books includes "Jerome, A Poor Man," by Mary E. Wilkins; "From a Girl's Point of View," being an analysis of the manner of the modern man as seen with the eyes of the modern woman, by Lilian Bell; "The Painted Desert: A Story of Northern Arizona," by Kirk Monroe; and "Infancy and Childhood," by Frances Fisher Wood.

Mr. John D. Barry says of Mr. James Barnes, whose latest story, "A Loyal Traitor," is published by Messrs. Harper:—

"Mr. Barnes writes a good deal about the sea, because love of the sea is his birthright. His father has made a name as an officer in the Navy; he was himself born at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Mr. Barnes is a typical New Yorker of the type seen in Gibson's drawings, tall, athletic of build, and with a clear-cut, smooth-shaven face. He was educated at Princeton, he has knocked about the world a good deal, and he has had good training for literature in the publishing-house of the Scribners and as one of the editorial staff of *Harper's Weekly*. He now devotes himself wholly to writing."

Messrs. Harper & Bros. have just published "The Real Condition of Cuba To-day," by Stephen Bonsal, with an illustration and a map.

The Macmillan Co. announces for early publication a six-volume edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," edited, with introduction and glossary, by K. M. Warren. It will be an attempt to supply the need of a pleasant, handy and inexpensive edition for those general readers who use books more for pleasure than for business.

The Century Co. will publish in October a volume by Bishop Potter of New York, entitled "The Scholar and the State," containing a number of his orations, addresses and articles referring especially to civic and social affairs. Bishop Potter believes that "a priest or a minister does not cease to be a citizen. His office, his gifts, his learning, his experience, his counsels, such as they are, may wisely be used to serve the State as well as the Church."

C. Ellis Stevens, the author of "Sources of the Constitution of the United States," is out with a volume of poems, "The Romance of Arenfels, and Other Tales of the Rhine."

Mr. Henry Altemus of Philadelphia announces for publication on July 1, "Trif and Trixy: A Story of a Dreadfully Delightful Little Girl and Her Adoring but Tormented Parents, Relations and Friends," by John Habberton. This volume will be the first of "Altemus' American Series" of books by American authors, to be sold at thirty cents retail. A first edition of 100,000 copies will be issued.

A contributor to *The Critic* is desirous of learning the present address of Mrs. D. Higbee, author of "In God's Country," published by Belford, Clark & Co. in 1889.

The announcement that a "Kailyard" version of the Song of Solomon is about to be issued by a North-country firm of publishers does not excite the enthusiasm of *The Academy*. It thinks that the charm of the old Scotch psalms is not likely to be repeated in this violent attempt to bring the Song of Songs into line with "The Stickit Minister." A verse in the last chapter will read, we understand, as follows:—"Mony waters canna slochen luv', neither can the spates droon it; gin a man wad gie a' the haudin's o' his hoose for luv', they wad be althegither scorned."

The Peter Paul Book Co. of Buffalo announces for early publication "The Chatelaine," by G. E. X., being principally a book of travels. The edition will be limited to 400 copies, *de luxe*.

Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of Sienkiewicz, who has been interviewed for the *Sunday World*, said that he began to translate "Quo Vadis" in Guadalajara, Mex. "It was published originally in the leading daily paper of Poland. The copies of that paper followed me into many out-of-the-way places. I read the instalments as they reached me, and then dictated the translation to my wife. Afterwards I read and altered that copy. She made a fresh copy, and it is a remarkable fact that I never saw a proof of 'Quo Vadis.' Most of the translation was done in Guatemala City and finished in Northern Guatemala in places where no white man had ever been. Mrs. Curtin did all the mechanical work." Mr. Curtin acquired his knowledge of Polish during the five years that he was attached to the American Legation at St. Petersburg. He has never met Sienkiewicz, but expects to do so this summer.

—The English *Review of Reviews* this month publishes a characteristic letter from Ouida on the proposal to form an academy for the preservation of the Queen's English: "You ask me for some practical suggestions for the purification of the English language from dialects, slang and other disfigurements. I beg to make the following. A merciful death given to nine out of every ten publishers, and ninety-nine out of every hundred writers in Great Britain. Arrangements made with the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans for the submerging of the United States. It was done in the case of Atlantis, and could not present great difficulties. Similar arrangements made for the extinction of the Australians by the Indian Ocean and South Pacific. Quarantine for three years imposed on any stray Americans or Australasians who may have escaped destruction, during which period they will be allowed no telegrams or newspapers, and no literature except the Psalms, the essayists and the Elizabethan dramatists. There will still remain those great offenders called collectively 'good Society.' I can only suggest that, as it would be hopeless to attempt to correct them, they should all be muzzled instead of their dogs. They would deserve it much more. If you wish to publish these views, pray do so. With compliments, yours, Ouida."

—At a sale of old MSS., at Sotheby's, London, on June 15, Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" (published 1810) and other poetical MSS. brought 1290*l.*, and his "Old Mortality" (published in 1816) and other prose MSS., 600*l.* The "Nelson Memoir" realized 1000*l.*, and a collection of Robert Burns's manuscripts, 365*l.*

—From a leader in a recent issue of *The Indian Daily News* of Calcutta, we learn that the favorite literature of the Bengalese peasantry consists in part of translations of the more notorious English novelists, the favorite author being Reynolds. This class of literature, says the paper, gives the natives an entirely wrong idea of English social conditions, and is one of the reasons of their growing insolvency. It is, however, the original Bengali fiction that threatens to do most harm:—"With one or two exceptions, the writers of these [stories] spring from that semi-educated class which is never so happy as when vilifying and misrepresenting Englishmen and things English. As novels the stories are not worth the slightest consideration. The characters

are badly drawn, the plot badly constructed, and the style loose and disjointed. They have, however, in the eyes of the disloyal, the supreme merit of blackening English rule, and hence their sale is pushed by agents in the remotest districts. A story is likely to sell better than a political pamphlet. It is not likely to attract the attention of District officers, and hence Calcutta Congress-wallahs, and others whose means are not so constitutional, find their objects better advanced by extravagant novelettes regarding Europeans in India than by mere abusive pamphlets, which never command a large sale, though read eagerly enough when distributed gratuitously."

Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, always give its number.

ANSWERS

1844.—I have seen this remark attributed to Ouida, who is said to be very fond of dogs. I encountered it in a biographical sketch of her some years ago, and it has stuck in my memory.

RICHMOND, VA.

G. W. CHILD.

1845.—See note in "Life of Longfellow" (Ticknor & Co., 1886), on page 22:—"It may not be amiss to say, on Mr. L.'s own authority, that some silly lines about 'Mr. Finney and his Turnip,' which went the rounds of the papers a few years ago as his 'first poem,' were never written by him."

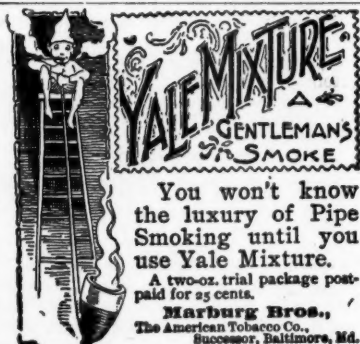
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Publications Received

Ade, George. *Pink Marsh*. Alden, C. M. W. *Manhattan Historic and Artistic*. Arnold, B. *A New Aristocracy*. Bradford, A. H. *The Growing Revelation*. \$1.50. Britton, N. L., and A. Brown. *Illustrated Flora*. \$3. Vol. II. Cannon, J. G. *Individual Credits*. Caro, Madame. *Bitter Fruits*. Chamberlain, N. H. *Samuel Sewall, and the World He Lived In*. New York: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.

H. S. Stone & Co. Morae Co. F. T. Neely. Macmillan Co. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York: J. S. Babcock. F. T. Neely.



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Houghton, A. S. Ticonderoga. St. Albans, Vt.: Messenger Co. Print.
Hudson, W. C. An American Cavalier. Cassell Pub. Co.
Jordell, D. Catalogue Annuel de la Librairie Française. 1896. 4e Année.
Kupfer, G. H. Stories of Long Ago. 35c.
Labiche and Martin's La Poudre aux Yeux. Ed. by B. F. Wells. 25c.
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